

*The history*

selfe, well the Gods are about, time must friend or end well  
*Troilus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector*  
 is not a better man then *Troilus*.

*Cres.* Excuse me. *Pand.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pand.* Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another  
 tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* shall not haue his  
 will this yeare.

*Cres.* He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

*Pand.* Nor his qualities.

*Cres.* No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.

*Cres.* I would not become him, his own's better.

*Pand.* You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her selfe  
 swore th'other day that *Troilus* for a browne fauour (for so  
 tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

*Cres.* No, but browne.

*Pand.* Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pand.* She praizd his complexion about *Paris*,

*Cres.* Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then *Troilus* should haue too much, if shee praizd  
 him about, his complexion is higher then his, hee  
 hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming  
 a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden  
 tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

*Pand.* I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then

*Cres.* Then shees a merry greeke indeed. (*Paris*.)

*Pand.* Nay I am sure she dooes, she came to him th'other  
 day into the compast window, and you know hee has not  
 past three or foure haire on his chinne.

*Cres.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring  
 his particulars therein to a totall.

*Pand.* Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three  
 pound list as much as his brother *Hector*.

*Cres.* Is he so yong a man, and so old a lifer.

*Pand.* But to proue to you that *Hellen* loues him, shee  
 came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

*Cres.* Iuno haue mercy, how came it clouen?

*Pand.*

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

*Pan.* Why, you know tis dimpled,  
 I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man is  
 all Phrigia. *Cres.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Dooes hee not?

*Cres.* Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.

*Pan.* Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen*  
 loues *Troilus*.

*Cres.* *Troilus* wil stand to thee prooffe if youle proue it so.

*Pan.* *Troilus*, why hee esteemes her no more then I e-  
 steeme an addle egge:

*Cres.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle  
 head you would eate chickens ith shell.

*Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how shee tickled  
 his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs  
 confesse.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on  
 his chinne.

*Cres.* Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing, *Queene Hecuba* laught  
 that her eyes ran ore.

*Cres.* With millstones.

*Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.

*Cres.* But there was a more temperate fire vnder the por  
 of her eyes: did her eyes run ore to?

*Pan.* And *Hector* laught.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing.

*Pan.* Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* spied on *Troy-*  
*lus* chin.

*Cres.* And t'had beene a greene heare I should haue  
 laught too.

*Pan.* They laught not so much at the heare as at his pret-  
 ty answeré.

*Cres.* What was his answeré?

*Pan.* Quoth shee heere's but two and fifty heires on your  
 chinne; and one of them is white.

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* Thats true, make no question of that, two and fiftie  
 heires

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